

Sweating With Need

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Sweating With Need

by [chaoswashere_X](#)

Summary

Will gets aroused at the sight of Hannibal's fist inside another man's guts.

He wants to experience it.. in a different way.

Kinktober Day 3: Fisting + Sweat

Notes

Hello! I'm back for day 3 of Kinktober :))

Enjoy this interesting combination of prompts!!

“Doctor Lecter!” Jack called out from a few feet away in a serious tone.

Hannibal looked over to Will for a moment, encouraging him to follow when he broke into a short jog towards the open doors of the ambulance.

Will did follow, and wasn’t shocked at the scene inside the ambulance. It was just as he’d imagined in that bathroom.. a dumb medical student looking to make a dumb extra buck.

“I need you to assess the situation here, Doctor.” Jack instructed when Hannibal arrived.

Hannibal didn’t waste any time in climbing into the ambulance, eager to show off his intimate knowledge of the human body in front of the FBI... in front of Will.

“He was removing his kidney.. poorly.” Hannibal glanced over at Jack to make eye contact, “I can stop the bleeding.”

“Do it.” Came Jack’s immediate response.

Hannibal made quick work of shedding his navy suit jacket and pushing his sleeves up. He could feel many sets of eyes on him as he pulled on a single medical grade latex glove, confident that he wouldn’t need the other hand.

Everyone watched in anticipation as Hannibal’s whole hand disappeared inside this poor guy’s body. Jack, impatient as ever, feels the need to ask, “You got it?”

“I got it.”

Hannibal could hear Jack speaking to the medical student, giving him instructions as to how to exit the vehicle, but all the doctor could comprehend was Will Graham’s eyes boaring into him.

He can feel them, but he knows that this special agent doesn’t particularly like eye contact, so he tries his best to control his urge to look up at him to find what kind of expression he’s sporting.

The urge increased when he heard Will walk forward a few feet, trying to get a better view at Hannibal’s hands.

His eyes flicker up to meet Will’s for a moment, not surprised to find them already on him.

Neither of them broke that contact, holding each other’s eyes as Hannibal held onto this man’s kidney.

And that’s when Hannibal smelt it.

Arousal.

He would have been able to smell it much sooner if it were coming from the man under him, and he hadn't smelt anything on the medical student when he entered the ambulance. He only smelt fear on the man, but now that he was out of the way, he could smell something much more appealing.

Hannibal couldn't help but feel a guilty sense of pride knowing he'd had such an effect on the Special Agent that had interested him from day one.

It wasn't much longer until the EMTs arrived, taking over Hannibal's spot inside the dying man.

Jack thanked him only once, then informed him that he was free to leave whenever he wished.

Will said nothing, even when Hannibal walked past him to call for a cab home. The agent was much too occupied trying to avoid Hannibal's nose. Though, he could tell by Hannibal's inflated confidence that it was much too late for that.

His arousal lasted much longer than it should have, needing to readjust himself a few times as he walked about the crime scene with Crawford on his back.

It wasn't until Will was home, feeding his dogs that the panic set in. How was he going to face Dr. Lecter after this?

He has an appointment tomorrow at 7:30pm to go see the doctor for his not-therapy.

He was anxious about it all night, carrying over into the morning. He knew it was too late to cancel, Hannibal's policy requires 24 hours, and he's about 12 hours too late for that.

Besides, Hannibal would know exactly why he felt the need to cancel the appointment.

Too scared to face him like a man.

Though, Dr. Lecter wouldn't put it that way.

He was pacing in the waiting room when Hannibal opened the door, sporting a kind smile and his usual, "Hello, Will. Please, come in."

He stepped aside to let Will in, and he hoped for just a moment that Hannibal wouldn't bring up yesterday.

Or that he would at least be professional about it. But then Will laughed to himself, this was Hannibal Lecter.. there's no chance that he wouldn't bring it up in a professional manner.

Both of them took their respective seats across from each other. Will took his usual posture, legs spread wide, pressing his hands into his knees.

Lecter crossed his legs, placing his hands calmly on his thighs. Will's eyes glanced down for only a moment to scan over Hannibal's hands.

Those damn hands.

“Before we start, I’m curious. What became of Mr. Sylvestre’s donor?” Hannibal asked innocently, dusting his lap.

“You saved his life.” Will admitted.

“Been a long time since I used a scalpel on anything but a pencil.”

“Why’d you stop being a surgeon?” Will asked, furrowing his eyebrows.

“I killed someone. Or more actually, I couldn’t save someone. But it felt like killing them.”

“You saved Mr. Sylvestre’s donor, do you feel responsible for his life?” Will prodded.

“Not to the same degree as I feel responsible for Abigail Hobbs’ life.”

“You weren’t the one who orphaned her.” Will brought his hands up to rub his face, watching Hannibal rise from his seat.

“Wine?” Hannibal asked as he moved to the cabinet that he keeps his liquor and glasses.

“Please.” Will huffed out, sensing that this wasn’t going to be one of the easy visits where they talk about nothing but the Ripper’s motives.

“I felt just as alive saving this young man as I did Abigail.” Hannibal stated once he handed Will one of the two wine glasses, filling it once he had a firm grip.

“This time under the watchful eye of the FBI.” Will stated, bringing the glass to his lips.

“Yes, but more importantly, I was under your watch as I saved a life yet again.” Hannibal expressed, moving back to sit in his chair.

“I was fascinated.” Will admitted. It wasn’t a lie, but it wasn’t the full truth.

“You were aroused. Why?”

Ah, so there the truth was. Will was a fool to think he was in control of the conversation.

“I wasn’t ‘aroused’!” Will defended himself poorly, his lie showing through instantly.

“Don’t lie to me, Will.”

Will sat there for a moment, pondering a response that could get Hannibal off his back without revealing too much.

Apparently, Hannibal was too impatient for Will to come up with another lie.

“You were aroused this time. But not last time.” Hannibal spoke as if they were having a perfectly average conversation. “What was different this time?”

“Well, I didn’t kill anyone this time.” Will laughed out sickly, still avoiding the true reason.

“So you were turned on because nobody died?” Hannibal questioned, his face showing his disapproval of the excuse.

“No.. it’s nothing like that.” Will rolled his eyes, lifting his glass to take a heavy swig.

“I wish only to help you, dear Will.” Hannibal leaned forward in his chair. “But to do so, I need you to tell me the truth.”

“You already know the truth, Doctor Lecter.” Will scoffed, setting down his now empty wine glass.

“I want to hear it from you.” Hannibal explained, his voice sounding genuine.

After a long bout of silence, Will brought his hand up to rub over his face. A favorite nervous tick of his. He brought his gaze to rest upon Hannibal’s strong forearms.

“Your hands..” Will muttered, loud enough for Hannibal to hear. He’s quite sure that his face is turning red when he continues. “I was imagining how they would feel inside of me, instead of that unworthy donor.”

Hannibal hummed in approval, pleased that Will finally gave an answer that aligned with the truth.

His fingers tapped a steady rhythm on his thighs while Will continued to stare, unashamed to do so now that Hannibal is aware of the effect they have on them.

Hannibal stood calmly, setting down his wine glass slowly. Will felt out of control as Hannibal stalked towards him, looking confident and predator.

When Hannibal finally made contact with Will, it was a gentle touch on his shoulder, cupping it with the hand that has saved countless lives.

And ended them.

Will’s breath hitched at the realization.

Hannibal is dangerous.

But Will can’t find it in himself to be bothered by it right now. He just.. wants.

“All you need to do is ask, darling boy.”

Will’s eyes snap up to Hannibal’s, shocked that he’s willing to go along with Will’s far away fantasy.

Will’s eyes fluttered shut when he felt Hannibal’s thumb stroke the place where his shoulder meets his neck, a tingling sensation running down his spine.

“I need you, Hannibal..” Will pauses, looking up to meet Hannibal’s eyes once again.
“Please.”

Hannibal’s mouth curved into a smile almost instantly, eyes darkening with sick approval.

“Strip. Then, lean over my desk, palms flat, elbows down.” Hannibal purred out, turning to go find something in a far away cabinet.

Will’s jaw goes slack, falling open in pure shock.

Is he really doing this?

He knows that Hannibal would allow Will to walk away right now, but he truly doesn’t want to. He doesn’t even feel manipulated into this decision.

He really wants this.

Will starts stripping out of his shirt one button at a time, hands shaking with adrenaline and nerves.

Hannibal was very clear with his instructions.. but what if he’s misunderstanding what he’s asking?

Will shakes his head to ground himself, and lets his shirt fall down his shoulders to rest on the chair beneath him.

He stands to take off his pants, eyes trained on Hannibal’s back facing him from across the room. He’s shedding his suit jacket, just like he had the night before. Will sees him pick a box out of the cabinet, setting it down on the counter.

Will toys with the buckle of his belt for a moment, hesitating. He finally bites the bullet and takes off his belt when he sees Hannibal pull up his sleeves to expose his forearms.

Then, he’s removing his socks, shoes, and pants, practically sweating from the anxiety nesting under his skin.

That’s when he hears it. The snap of latex against skin.

Will holds back a whine, dick filling in quickly as he shifts his bare feet against Hannibal’s floor.

He remembers the second part of Hannibal’s order a moment later. He moves on autopilot to Hannibal’s desk, scooting the chair out of the way so he can lean over the desk.

The cool wood against his sweaty forearms and palms feels magical. It’s the only thing keeping him grounded and present as he presents his ass to the world.

He hears Hannibal move before he feels the vibrations in the floor. He’s stalking closer, taking in the sight before him.

Will gasps when he feels Hannibal's hands on him. It's a simple touch to his hips. But now, Will can tell that Hannibal only has one glove on his right hand.. the one that will go inside of him.

The same hand that was inside some poor kid's guts yesterday, keeping him from bleeding out.

"You are to keep communicating with me the entire time my hands are on you, is that clear?" Hannibal asked, rubbing small circles into Will's meaty, lean hips.

Will nods before dropping his head, making direct eye contact with his own penis, fully hard and nearly leaking.

How fucking embarrassing.

"I need to know if this is too much for you at any point. If you stop responding to my questions, I will remove my hands." Hannibal brings his ungloved hand to pet down Will's sweaty back, raising goosebumps where he touched.

Will nods once again, expressing that he understands.

"Is this your first time with anal penetration?"

"Um-" Will hesitates for a second before answering, "No. I've had a few boyfriends who preferred to penetrate."

"Then, you know what to expect?" Hannibal questions, and Will swears that he hears a hint of jealousy.

Will nods his head, taking a deep inhale of breath to calm his nervous head.

He heard Hannibal also take a deep inhale, leaning down to smell him. That's when he pressed a kiss into Will's shoulder blade.

"You smell divine, Will." Hannibal growls, "You always do when you sweat."

Will can't help but let out a little whine when Hannibal brings his dry gloved hand to stroke at his puckered hole.

Hannibal indulges his desires to Will's surprise, licking a long line from the bottom on his shoulder blade to the artery that beats heavily in his neck.

Will's back arches up in his shock, effectively pushing Hannibal's dry finger against his tight ring of muscle.

He lets out a long groan at the pressure.

"You taste divine as well."

Will can't help but keen at the praise. "Shit, that's hot. I-I'm sure it's all because of your cooking." He stutters out.

Hannibal is smiling wide and wicked when Will cranes his head back to look at him.

Will realizes in an instant that Hannibal shows his lust in his eyes. It's intoxicating to see so much desire in one place.

"Are you ready to indulge in your desires, Will?" Hannibal asks, petting down his back once again, dragging his nails. "You often deny yourself the pleasure of acting on desire."

"It's not my intention to deny myself." Will flinches when he hears the lid of the lube bottle being popped open. "Fuck.. I'm more than ready."

Hannibal spreads a big glob of lube between his first two fingers, heating it up to make it easier on Will.

Will's past lovers had never done anything like that for him. His heart can't help but leap at the kind gesture.

Hannibal is massaging the lube around Will's puckered hole just a moment later, the lube still chilly, but not shockingly cold.

The latex on his body feels strangely smooth, but Will knows exactly why Hannibal put it on.

And it isn't because he thinks that Will is dirty.

Will all but groans when Hannibal presses in his first finger, pushing his inner walls apart from each other.

Will drops his head once again, panting into the desk surface. He's leaving small white puffs on the dark, polished wood.

"Any discomfort?" Hannibal asks as he pulls his finger out, then pushes it back in faster this time.

Will whines into his arm. It's been far too long since he's done this. He'd nearly forgotten how much he loves it.

"No. No, it feels -fuck- great." Will turns his head towards Hannibal so his words come out clearer through his pleased noises.

Hannibal leans down to lick at Will's neck, tasting the salty sweat on his skin. He whispers slowly in Will's ear, "Another one, then?"

He nods his head big enough for Hannibal to be sure it was a nod. When Hannibal lets out another deep hum, he can't help but push back against the digit already prodding inside of him.

Hannibal pulls out of him entirely once Will leans forward again. He pushes his first two fingers into the man's muscular frame, causing a low groan to erupt out of Will.

"I never expected you to be so vocal." Hannibal admitted, fucking his fingers into Will slowly.

"So, you have thought about this." Will huffed out a laugh before offering his rebuttal, "I never expected you to enjoy the taste of sweat."

"I can't deny that I've thought about this before." Hannibal muttered against Will's skin, picking up his pace, making his forearm flex. "And I also can't deny that I have wondered about how you might taste."

"Mmmm. I can't deny that I am thoroughly enjoying satisfying my desires." Will purrs.

Hannibal takes this as a perfect time to add another finger. So, he pulls out of the now pulsing hole, and coats his remaining two fingers in cold lube.

He pushes a third one in with the other two that are now warmed from being pressed against Will's perfect walls.

"Ah!" Will cries out when he feels the cold lube stretch against his hole, loosening him more.

Hannibal is adding his last finger before Will can even adjust to the third one. This one is smaller, but still stretches him to the point of pain.

He pants down into his arms, muttering his communication to Hannibal, "Fuck, Hannibal. There's pain. Wait a minute. Just- hold still."

Hannibal nods and leans down to reward the lean man with a kiss to the shoulder blade for communicating his pain.

Will just sits there for a long minute, rocking himself back onto Hannibal's hand once the pain seizes.

"Let me know when you're ready for my thumb." Hannibal says, no hint of any rush in his voice.

"Y-yes. I'm ready now." Will lets the words fall off his lips in a slur of exhaustion. He already feels so full of Hannibal.

Will takes in a breath, and feels Hannibal move to stand directly behind him.

He feels cold lube poured near his hole, presumably onto Hannibal's thumb. A small amount is spread onto his left ass cheek as Hannibal adjusts his thumb in preparation to push it inside.

When Hannibal penetrates him with the last digit, Will lets a full moan loose out of his throat. Sweat is now falling from his brow, and running down his back.

Hannibal presses sweet kisses into Will's damp curls, inhaling the salty scent coming from the sweat seeping from his skin all over.

But there's another salty scent.

"You're leaking, dear boy." Hannibal says fondly, a proud smirk on his face.

"I wouldn't be surprised if I came without noticing—" Will pants, opening his eyes to stare at his flush dick once again. He is indeed leaking, in a steady, thick stream from his urethra down to the floor. "Fuck, you're really good at this."

Hannibal smiles softly at the praise aimed at him, petting his sweaty back with long fingers.

"Here comes the hard part, magnificent boy. Remember your breath." Hannibal explains affectionately, pressing his knuckles against Will's stretched hole as he coats the rest of his fist with slick lube.

"Mm- fuck." Will tenses as he feels the huge stretch on his hole, hoping and praying that he won't tear.

"Your breaths, Will. You'll take it much easier if your muscles are relaxed." Hannibal reminds him, pausing his hand to wait for Will to relax.

Will pants down onto the table again, trying his very best to take big inhales and longer exhales.

It only takes about twenty seconds for Hannibal to deem Will relaxed enough to continue.

He presses inside the boys rim, watching in awe as his knuckles pass the muscle and the rest of his hand follows suit.

Hannibal reaches his hand around to grab hold of one of Will's shaking hands. "You still need deep breaths, tempting boy."

"Fuck.. that's inside of me." Will breaths out as he stares at Hannibal's large hand. He lifts his hand up and Hannibal's follows with it.

He takes a heavy inhale with his nose pressed to Hannibal's knuckles. His hand smells like sweat, like his sweat.

He moves Hannibal's hand to encourage him to open his palm, and he does, understanding what Will wants from him.

He brings his lips down to kiss the open palm, the surface wet from touching his sweaty back. He wonders if Hannibal's lips would also taste like his sweat.

His thoughts are cut short when Hannibal starts to move his fist within Will's body, pressing into his sensitive walls. Pressing directly into his prostate.

It's not soon after that he's being fucked with Hannibal's fist, tears streaming down his face from the new level of pleasure.

"F-fuck, Hannibal!" Will cries as his legs shake beneath him, threatening to collapse under him. He cranes his head back to look at Hannibal, hoping to show off his tears to the older man.

"You've done so well, tempting boy." Hannibal leans down to press a soft kiss on his lips. Well, that answers Will's question. He does taste like his sweat.

"Let go. Spill." He purrs against Will's lips, catching them again as he targets Will's prostate, massaging it between his fingers.

Will is coming fiercely a near second later, splattering his seed as his cock convulses in release. He comes calling out for Hannibal.

Will is almost certain that he passes out, because when he opens his eyes again, Hannibal is done cleaning Will's mess, and the latex glove is discarded.

Will glanced down at his watch that never left his wrist, "Oh. Our session is over.." Will blinks the blurriness of leftover tears from his eyes

"W-where do we go from here?"

"I have a dinner party I must attend to." Hannibal dodges Will's question about their relationship status. It's only natural for Will to ask, since Hannibal's hand has now been up his ass.

"You're welcome to come, if you're not busy." Hannibal adds to be polite. He accepted long ago that Will Graham would never purposely attend one of his dinner parties. Too many people for the Special Agent to be comfortable.

"As great as that sounds.. I've unfortunately got a date with the Chesapeake Ripper that I just can't afford to miss." Will explains as he prys himself off of the desk, moving to collect his clothes from the floor.

Will doesn't question the dangerous smile that falls upon Hannibal's lips, deciding to leave that for another day.

Will can't think of much of anything looking down at Hannibal's hands, still baffled that the whole thing was able to fit inside of him.

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